

Encounter: Merrill's Christmas
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Merrill's Christmas

Other than the roar of a lone FangCat far in the distance, the snowy night was quiet when Kwan-Teyl and Merrill stepped out of their shuttle. They had landed in front of the cabin where they would be spending their first Christmas together. Not that anyone here on Vampirema or anywhere else in the Silver Iris Galaxy celebrated Christmas, except for the few Earth humans who lived here.

The cabin belonged to a pilot Merrill knew. The guy used it just a few times a year for vacation. He had gladly rented it to Merrill for the weekend so that he could celebrate Christmas with his new family in an atmosphere that reminded him of his native Earth in wintertime.

"Open the door," Kwan-Teyl said.

"What do you think I'm trying to do?" Merrill replied, fumbling with the key to the cabin while trying to balance two boxes filled with provisions, gifts and decorations. Not that he was complaining. Kwan-Teyl was carrying the tree.

"Hurry up. I'm freezing my pods off."

Pods. Merrill wondered if he'd ever get used to Mysterk slang. Why couldn't Kwan-Teyl call them "nuts" like a normal guy?

Merrill finally opened the door and used his shoulder to nudge on the lighting system. He dropped his boxes on the floor and turned to help Kwan-Teyl carry the tree to a corner of the living room.

"Again, tell me the significance of chopping down a tree and lugging it indoors?"

"We're going to decorate it and puts gifts under it then we're going to stand around and look at it while drinking eggnog and eating cookies." Merrill shrugged off his coat. He reached for Kwan-Teyl's, then hung them on the rack by the door.

“Ah,” Kwan-Teyl said with an amused smile. Merrill had never been able to resist his smile. It was very gentle, but Kwan-Teyl was rather mild for a native of Mysterk. His was a warrior race. Only recently, after thousands of years of civil war, had their planet known peace. Kwan-Teyl had played an important role in bringing it about and had nearly lost his life doing so. Merrill was relieved that Kwan-Teyl was out of danger now and they were free to build a life together.

“I’ve already told you how we celebrate Christmas. Why do you keep asking?”

“Because you look cute when you talk about it.” Kwan-Teyl stepped closer to Merrill and lightly grasped his waist. “I like seeing you excited about it.”

“I’m not that excited,” Merrill said, trying to sound nonchalant. “It’s more for the hatchling. It’s his first Christmas, after all.”

Kwan-Teyl chuckled, his wide-set brown eyes glistening. “The hatchling is too young to understand holidays.”

“Then it’s my first Christmas with a hatchling, okay?” Merrill didn’t try to keep the annoyance from his voice.

“That’s more like it.” Kwan-Teyl kissed him.

At the sensation of Kwan-Teyl’s lips against his, Merrill closed his eyes and his annoyance faded, replaced by the love and desire he felt for his partner. He wrapped his arms around Kwan-Teyl, relishing the feel of his hard body. He was a couple of inches shorter than Merrill, who stood six feet two inches tall. The men had similar builds -- lean and sleekly-muscled.

When the kiss broke, Merrill asked, “Do you think the hatchling is okay?”

“He’s with Wyatt, Zoey and the others. I’m sure he’s fine.”

“Maybe I should send a message just to see.” Merrill glanced at his wrist communicator, but Kwan-Teyl took his hand and squeezed it gently.

“You don’t have to. I sent one just before you landed the shuttle. Zoey said our son is fine.”

Now it was Merrill’s turn to look amused. He wagged a playful finger at Kwan-Teyl. “Why are you always trying to play it cool when you worry as much as I do?”

“I wasn’t worried.” Kwan-Teyl stepped away and walked to the boxes.

“You were.”

“I was curious to see how Teyl-Nal was behaving, that’s all.”

“Yeah. Right.” Merrill approached Kwan-Teyl, who had squatted to search through the assorted holiday decorations in the top box. Merrill knelt behind Kwan-Teyl, wrapped his arms around him and nuzzled the sexy warrior’s neck.

“That feels good,” Kwan-Teyl said, his voice rougher than usual.

“Since we’re going to be alone for a few more hours, let’s make the most of it.”

“Sounds good to me.” Kwan-Teyl turned abruptly and pushed Merrill onto his back. He covered his mouth in a deep kiss.

Merrill closed his eyes and curled his fingers in Kwan-Teyl’s short brown hair. Their tongues thrust against each other and Kwan-Teyl slid a muscular leg between Merrill’s. Kwan-Teyl’s stiffening cock pressed against Merrill whose own cock sprang to life.

“Wait a second.” Merrill panted, shoving Kwan-Teyl away so he could reach for his travel bag at the bottom of the box. He pulled out contraceptive spray.

Now that he knew the secrets of Mysterk procreation, he was careful when he fucked his handsome partner. Teyl-Nal had been planned, unlike their first child -- the one who hadn’t survived and left Kwan-Teyl scarred physically and emotionally. The latter had been harder to deal with. Warriors of Mysterk spent more time burying emotions than dealing with them. Merrill thought Earth

men had problems handling emotions, but they were downright expressive compared to the men of Mysterk.

Merrill turned back to Kwan-Teyl who was already halfway out of his trousers. He kicked them and his shoes aside, baring muscular legs dusted with dark hair. Merrill unzipped his trousers and pulled them off, though he didn't take his gaze from Kwan-Teyl. His lover pulled off his sweater and removed his underwear, exposing his thick, hard cock.

Another faint smile on his finely-drawn lips, Kwan-Teyl stared at Merrill. His gaze raked Merrill's long legs. The hair on them was slightly darker than the reddish brown curls on his head. Merrill had always hated his unruly hair, but Kwan-Teyl seemed to like it. He scrubbed his fingers through Merrill's hair often, making it puff up even more.

"Let's light a fire before we freeze," Merrill said, removing his underwear. He quickly covered his hard cock with the contraceptive spray. The stuff was great. It felt like nothing at all, but was far more effective than condoms for preventing disease and pregnancy.

"Weak, Merrill. You're so weak," Kwan-Teyl teased, but he was already on his feet and approaching the hearth. A bin filled with wood stood nearby, along with sticks to facilitate the fire-starting process.

While Kwan-Teyl started the fire, Merrill finished undressing, then tugged lube and a blanket out of the bottom box. After spreading the blanket over the rug in front of the hearth, he stretched out on his back, his arms folded behind his head.

Kwan-Teyl crawled toward him and lay beside him. Half draped over Merrill, Kwan-Teyl kissed him while reaching down to fondle his cock. The feel of his lover's calloused hand on his cock aroused Merrill so much that he could scarcely wait to fuck him.

"Come on," Kwan-Teyl breathed against his lips. His dark eyes sparkled with lust and Merrill was glad to see his lover didn't want to wait either.

Merrill pushed Kwan-Teyl onto his stomach. Coating his hands with lube, Merrill gazed at Kwan-Teyl's firm, gorgeous backside. He caressed the hard spheres, then prepared him with lube-slicked hands.

Kwan-Teyl moaned and wriggled while Merrill teased him with his fingertips. "Will you do it already?" Kwan-Teyl breathed.

"Patience."

"Right now I have none. I've wanted to fuck the whole ride over."

His words sent a fresh spark of desire through Merrill. His cock ached and his heart pounded, but he continued teasing Kwan-Teyl's sensitive ring of muscle, feeling it clench and pulse. Unable to wait any longer, Merrill braced his hands on either side of Kwan-Teyl's head and eased into him. Kwan-Teyl was more than ready. He groaned and bucked as Merrill thrust.

"Merrill, ah," Kwan-Teyl panted.

Merrill was too aroused to think about forming words. He moaned, his breathing ragged. Between the heat of the fire and the friction of their bodies, they were perspiring, their skin warm and slick. Merrill slid a hand under Kwan-Teyl and grasped his cock. Humping into Merrill's fist, Kwan-Teyl came fast. Spurred on by the clamping and pulsing of Kwan-Teyl's hot flesh around his cock, Merrill climaxed too.

They lay for several moments, catching their breath.

Finally Merrill rolled off Kwan-Teyl and again lay on his back.

"You can't sleep now, lover." Kwan-Teyl grasped Merrill's shoulders and hauled him up.

Groaning, Merrill rested on his elbows and gazed at Kwan-Teyl through half-open eyes.

"Our friends will be landing soon with our son and we still haven't decorated this tree or made egg snog."

Merrill chuckled. "Nog. Snog is this." He cupped the back of Kwan-Teyl's neck and kissed him. His tongue thrust between Kwan-Teyl's pliant lips and the gorgeous warrior groaned, returning the kiss with enthusiasm.

When the kiss broke, Kwan-Teyl said, "I hope the nog is as good."

"I'm afraid it won't taste as good as you." Merrill kissed him again. "Thanks for celebrating with me, babe."

Kwan-Teyl gazed at him with intense brown eyes that tugged at Merrill's heart. "Thanks for wanting me to. What's the phrase? Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas." Merrill hugged him tightly. This was already the best Christmas he'd ever had.

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